WESTERN PEOPLE

Supplement to The Western Producer May 18, 2000

BRIDE SHIPS

WESTERN PEOPLE

PUBLISHED WEEKLY; ISSUE NO. 1,044

BOX 2500, SASKATOON, SASK. S7K 2C4

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Rain

at night
rain is a voice
colored black —
cold, clear melted butter
seeping velvet . . .
I smile as I listen:
periods and commas
sibilant,
tucking us in,
fussing, hushing us.

rain is ancient
whispering wetness
around the cave, the temple,
the mountain,
the filing high-rise,
all our structures
built to keep out rain;

one is lucky to live
close to rain;
it makes one smile
as it chases its chuckles
down drainpipes
into gravel . . .

— **Greta Vesterback Nelson**

Dear Reader

The first car I ever owned was a new 1964 Simca. It started out red but quickly turned burnt orange under a hot Kansas sun. Simcas were imported from France by Chrysler, and (for a can opener) performed adequately in the heat. But when the heat was removed, as sometimes happens in the wintertime, there was little to do but stay indoors, because the Simca wasn't going anywhere. Block heaters in Kansas were as rare as wildebeests, and still are. Make sure if you ever travel down there, to hide your block heater cord under the hood, lest the locals liken you to the antichrist, running your car on 'lektrissty instead of fossil fuels, in violation of the Good Book (For every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood; but this shall be with burning and fuel of fire — Isaiah 9:5.)

One might compare a Simca to something Barney Rubble drove in The Flintstones: boxy, underpowered and nearly as comfortable as a Roman slave ship. Of particular amusement were the vinyl seats, which when exposed to the aforementioned Kansas sun, would sear soft thighs into beef jerky in mere seconds. These cars could not be air-conditioned, for then there would be no power left over to propel the box across cracks in the pavement. There was little to do but roll down the windows and invite the shrieking scirocco-like wind inside, where it would tear the words out of your mouth and hurl them into the hellish furnace that lay outside.

The Simca was not too good on hills, either. At least not the upside of hills. A trip through the Montana Rockies in December became more and more unpleasant as the temperature approached absolute zero and electrons stopped moving around their nuclei. The Simca pushed bravely onward, its throttle frozen open, its headlights straining to catch a glimpse of Paris.

Michael Gillgannon

The meeting is adjourned!

Humor by Myra Stilborn

"Relax," I told myself, as the meeting progressed and the cucumber eaten for supper began to suggest incompatibility. I took a slow, deep breath just as the president invited, "Would anyone like to bring anything up?" Would I ever! Waves of appreciation alternated with spasms of incompatibility.

Once a meeting has been called to order, the whole room changes. The air grows heavy with formality, and every word spoken carries ominous weight. There are expressions, shaped in the mould of creative inspiration, that hang around on probation and then become adopted and are taken to the bosom of the group. One member, contemplating a task before us, opined, "I think we are flogging a dead horse." Having had, in childhood, a curtailed but vivid glimpse of a dead horse in the stable, I find myself saddled with emotional trauma and rendered unstable at the mention of this quadruped.

"We'll have to take the bull by the horns" also transports me back to the barnyard, where I bravely and fearfully lead a bull by the stick attached to a ring in its nose. Who would grab the beast by its horns?

"Feedback," a picturesque little word, became very popular, but with my oats and hay background, I am upset by the emetic connotations of the expression.

More recently, "at this point in time" reached epidemic proportions. The phrase stirs in me a consciousness of belonging to the ages. The present does a gentle fadeout while I contemplate:

> The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit . . .

And what of "hopefully?" There's a clean one for you. Never chicken before you count your hatch. Hopefully there will be no need for this committee to meet again. For this breath of optimism in a world of dead horses, let us be grateful.

Today we are preoccupied with "the bottom line," yet find no inconsistency in emphasizing that we will accept only "the whole package" or none of what has been placed "on the table." (Sometimes, instead of a package on the table, we are pursuing a ball that has bounced into our court. This, however, is a whole new ball game.)

Try to discern the ominous weight of "the reality is . . ." If that doesn't faze you, struggle with "the new reality."

Apart from the fetish of faddish expressions, there are other torments to be endured during meetings. A problem apt to arise, at any point in time, is the wandering thoughts syndrome. This can lead to embarrassment if one is asked to state one's opinion on the question before the house when one has been wandering behind the house for a brief stint of wool-gathering. And have you ever dared to flap your wings in the void by volunteering, out of a deeply human desire to hasten the end, "I so move," only to have the chairperson order, "Please word the motion"? There I was, wordless and motionless.

Once, in a rural district, I attended a farewell for a teacher whose term of service had been punctuated by controversy. At the get-together, our conductor of ceremonies gave a tactfully worded little speech that ended with: "Mr. Brown will be leaving early tomorrow morning." At this prearranged signal the district soloist rose and sang her innocent choice, "The World is Waiting for the Sunrise." And I dared not exit!

At a session where reference was made to John Jones, recently deceased, Mary Smith volunteered, "Bill and I visited him in the hospital; we kept visiting him until he died." This testimonial, given in what seemed mission-accomplished fervor, caused me to develop abdominal strictures so severe that I had to leave the room, hating myself fiercely.

This morning the telephone rang. I suffered a premonitory twinge on being addressed by the head of a nominating committee. The members had been invited to submit names of those deemed suitable to fill the various offices. The feedback, at this point in time, had been overwhelming and hopefully a whole new package could be put on the table at the next meeting. I was named for public relations office. The ball being in my court, I sent it zinging back over the net. "Sorry!" I said. "You are flogging a dead horse." ■

Deryk Bodington

Wedding photographs to die for

By Deryk Bodington

When I retired in 1975 and had time on my hands, friends began asking me to photograph their weddings, or the weddings of their children. During the next 15 years or so, I did about 60 weddings.

If you accept such jobs, it's a real responsibility. The wedding day is THE DAY for every bride, and there will no second chance to capture the perfect images.

The essentials include adequate equipment and a planned approach. So far as equipment is concerned, it is assumed you have a good camera and flash, and know how to use them. You will also need a tripod (for time exposures), plenty of film, a spare battery, and, if you are using a hand-held flash, an extra flash cord. These do break and such an eventuality could put you out of business. I'm assuming you are well versed on the operation of your camera; otherwise you would not have been asked to do the job.

If you are fortunate enough to own two cameras, that can be a plus. Load one with normal speed film (say ASA 200) and the second with ASA 400 for situations where lighting is poor. Carry plenty of film: extra film can be used another day, but the wedding won't wait.

Check and double-check the details: date, time, place. You don't want to be scurrying around trying to find the right church. Attend the rehearsal if you can. It will not only give you an idea as to the layout of the church, but will let you know of any photo restrictions. Many churches have a "no flash" policy during the ceremony. If so, look

for a vantage point for a time exposure, such as a balcony or an aisle.

Now for the actual pictures. Arrive at the bride's home at least an hour before the wedding. They will all be busy, but by the time you have set up your equipment and checked for photo sites, they will probably be ready for you. There are numerous pre-wedding possibilities. One prospect is the bridesmaids adjusting the bride's veil in front of a vanity mirror. You want to be able to see all the subjects either directly or in the mirror, and make sure you cannot see yourself.

HAVE THE BRIDE SWEEP HER TRAIN INTO A SWIRL AT HER FEET, RATHER THAN TRAILING OUT AT RIGHT ANGLES.

You may also get shots of the bridesmaids and the bride, the bride pinning a carnation on her father's lapel, the mother handing the bouquet to her daughter, and some posed family shots. Have the bride sweep her train into a swirl at her feet, rather than trailing out at right angles.

You might have the bride stand beside a window, with available light highlighting her face. Use a bounce light off the ceiling. Bounce light is much more flattering that direct flash and it should be used whenever possible. If your flash is programmed to film speed, the exposure will look after itself, otherwise open up an extra two stops. Overexposed film can be saved, whereas underexposed film is usually completely spoiled.

When it's time to leave for the church, get a shot of dad and daughter leaving the house. Try to arrive at the church ahead of the bridal party so you can get photos of them arriving at the door.

The next sequence is the bridal procession. Move down the aisle some 15 or 20 feet and squeeze into an aisle seat. Set your camera for about 10 feet, since you won't have time to focus, and snap bride and father as they come down the aisle. Bounce light does not work in a church, so always use direct flash. Lofty ceilings and dark interiors swallow much of the flash output and an extra stop is usually needed.

If it is a "no flash" service, set up your camera and tripod on a balcony or in the aisle. There will be a few quiet moments in the service when a one- or two-second exposure will be sharp and clear. If you are allowed to use a flash, be as unobtrusive as possible.

After the ceremony comes the signing of the register. It is best to wait until after the actual signing is done, and then to shoot two or three posed shots. Setting the bridal bouquet beside the registration book adds interest to the shot. Have both look up at the camera: a shot of two heads bent over the registration book is not very interesting.

Be sure you have several shots left for the next sequence, as you won't have time to change film. Slip out ahead of the bridal party and take up a position down the aisle. Focus at about eight or 10 feet, with the camera ready to go. You will only have one or two chances for shots as the couple comes down the aisle.

TRY FOR AS MANY SHOTS OF THE GUESTS AND RELATIVES AS POSSIBLE; THE COUPLE WILL APPRECIATE THEM IN YEARS TO COME.

Then, hurry out the door to shoot as they leave the church. Chances are there will be a shower of confetti. Don't worry about shutter speed: a slow one will give an interesting blur, a fast one will catch it in mid-air.

Once they are in the car, nip around to the bride's side and have her roll down the window. Set your camera for about three feet and bounce the light off the interior ceiling of the car.

The next opportunity is the reception. For shots of the receiving line, you might even be called upon to help sort it into proper sequence. Normally this is: bride's mother, groom's father, groom's mother, bride's father, bride, groom, matron of honor and bridesmaids. The best man can be at the end of the line. Take shots of the reception line, plus several shots of family and friends passing down the line.

Most of your photos will be unposed from now on. They might include guests signing the guest book, Uncle George pouring drinks, girls admiring the bride's ring, the groom cornered by envious bachelors.

The toast to the bride and the groom's reply will have to be caught on the run as they cannot be posed. Try for as many shots of the guests and relatives as possible; the couple will appreciate them in years to come.

Cutting the cake is one shot that can be posed. The test angle is from the bride's side as you face them. If there are candelabra present with lighted candles, place one of them on each side of the cake. This makes the composition more appealing.

Other traditional shots are the wedding waltz, the bride dancing with her father, images of special guests and relatives, the groom and friends at the bar, the couple's parents chatting together. When the couple are ready to leave, a shot of the bride throwing her bouquet should be taken facing the bride as she throws it over her shoulder.

Try to get a shot with which to wind up the album. One of them leaving by car, trailing tin cans behind, is a possibility. Another is a closeup of the bride and groom's clasped hands, showing the rings and the bridal bouquet. This is a good candidate for bounce light, and it can be taken at any time during the reception.

By now, you will probably have 50 or 60 shots on film, enough to fill an album with 20 or more good pictures. There will be misses of course, but with proper planning they will be much better than an unplanned, last-minute effort.

One last bit of advice. As soon as your processed prints are in your hands, number each print with the roll and negative number before letting anyone else handle them. If they do get out of order before they are identified, it can be a very difficult job matching prints to negatives. ■

(Deryk Bodington is a Calgary writer and photographer.)

Keepsies Funsies Hunks Hexies Bombsies Flicksies

Memory by Bryan Tastad

How many Canadian boys will hunker down this spring to shoot a game of marbles? Skipping ropes, yo-yos and even hula-hoops keep reappearing. But marbles waned around the time they stopped making Ramblers.

Marbles filled an important gap in the spring. Hockey was over but it was too wet for ball. Rubber boots replaced galoshes. You went mittless even if your fingers stiffened with the cold. You still had to wear your winter jacket but you could unzip it, out of Mom's sight. With spring, we ached to be outside but needed an excuse.

That's when boys started bringing their bags of marbles to school. Rookies used the cheap bags some marbles were sold in. Part-time players or consistent losers merely stuffed a few in their pockets. The best players preferred the purple Crow Royal velvet bags.

All you needed were an opponent, a patch of bare ground, a stick to draw a circle with, and a few marbles. Having placed the same number of marbles in the circle, players took turns trying to knock them out with their "shooters." You kept the marbles you shot out of the circle. Good players accumulated more and more. Poor players had fewer and fewer.

The game inspired its own language. Marbles had names like aggies, rubies, immies, steelies and crocks. "Fan" meant no. If you played "keepsies," you kept the marbles you won. You played "funsies" only if you were down to your last marbles. "Hexies" brought bad luck. "Bombsies" was a desperate attempt to hit a marble by dropping your shooter from above. "Goes to China" involved stepping on your marble so it couldn't be shot out of the circle. "Hunks" was cheating, moving your shooter closer to the target.

Like bridge players, opponents agreed on their conventions before the game. "Keepsies. Fan hunks. Fan bombsies. Fan hexies. Fan goes to China."

Regional variations included spansies, big in my home town. You threw a marble against a wall. If you could span the distance to your opponent's marble, you kept it.

When we moved to the city, everybody played ringsies, and they were good at it. Nobody wanted to play spansies. My marble supply depleted rapidly. Like most small town kids, I started playing ringsies by shooting with my index finger, as you might flick away a mosquito. Flicksies was accurate but tiring. Your finger soon got sore.

The proper method is to hold the shooter inside the second knuckle of your index finger, then propel it with your thumb. Good players applied backspin, making the shooter stop after hitting the target.

Marbles were handed down as family heirlooms. The marble playing age was brief — perhaps from age eight to 12. Most of mine came free from a neighbor who, at 14, was too old.

Marbles have left a legacy in the language.

"Lost your marbles" refers to a crazy or irrational person. A boy who lost all his marbles might cry, run and hide or go "throwsies" on the winner's marbles. Losing your marbles was a process, not an event. The pain, humiliation and desperation built. As your bag got emptier, you'd have to put your better marbles in the ring. Finally you'd be down to a few favorites. Most winners would refrain from taking their opponents' last marbles. Some might spot you a few old chipped marbles to get you back in the game.

"Marble mouth." While some boys did put marbles in their mouths, this phrase now refers to mumblers who are hard to understand.

Noreen Donald

"Playing with your marbles" described a boy with his hands in his pockets. While some boys did carry marbles there, this refers to something else.

"Fan hunks" is occasionally exclaimed when a sharp-eyed golfer notices his playing partner teeing up in front of the tee box. It's better to use a polite "ahem" and a meaningful glance at the tee box.

There's little intrinsically good about marbles. Even pool is better exercise. Still, it was played outside and kids organized it themselves. There was a code of honor: keepsies means keepsies.

Occasionally, I retrieve my Crown Royal bag from the back of the closet. I let my kids look at what's left of my collection. I even show them how to play. Soon, they're lured away by the computer, the television or the skateboard. The bag waits in the closet for another spring. ■

Unlikely Heroine

The quiet lady was there
when the young couple
moved in next door
on the street of former
company houses
all alike
"like peas in a pod"
she would say

She had been in her house
over half a century
raised a family
been widowed
had spent hours in the garden
tread every space
"no stone unturned"
she would say

The couple had
a baby girl
recalling memories
she snuggled the fresh creature
in her arms
"Gods rosebud"
she said

The chief said the fire started
in the laundry
below the baby's room
the old structure
consumed like kindling

She dashed past them
no one had a chance
to protest and keep her outside
with everyone else
huddled in small knots
on the lawn

It was hard to believe
her old legs could go
so fast
she was followed by
a fireman in full gear

By the time
he reached the hallway
through the dense
acrid smoke
a moment adrift
she handed him the
infant

He reached out for her
as the stairs collapsed
the heat and smoke
returned
he retreated
back into the daylight

She must have known exactly
where and how to go through
in the darkness
of the blinding smoke
had known the house very well
"like the back of my hand"
she would have said

— Lynne Ellen Gregg

Identify with His Misery

Horse hair and watery eyes.
A boy suffers while his parents
brush down their horses.

I stay clear of horses, respecting
their forms from a far distance.
I draw the boy close to me.
I am his uncle who can identify
with his misery—

the case of allergy attacks.
Itchy red eyes when too close
to the source of suffering.

I take him into the house.
I will read to him and perhaps
engage in a game of table hockey
knowing in my heart of hearts

I will entertain this boy when
he is a young man living in the
city, with the odd visit to his

former country home where memories
of hayfever ruin his childhood
reflections, while secretly basking
in a country lifestyle.

— Ronald Kurt

Fences

Words are like wild horses
struggling up from the swamp
of the subconscious
searching for freedom and understanding.

Words must have fences.
The angry startled ones,
the bewildered questing ones,
must each have their appropriate tokens,
and the tranquil rambling ones
ever-expanding palings of periods
and commas.

The colon and semi-colon open
new ranges
to receive whole herds of ideas
or let in a single relevant thought.

Orderly, tamed,
our reminiscences, our imaginings
file by in harmonious lines
out of the brain's teeming jungle
onto the waiting page.

— Thelma Foster

Chester Knight won a Juno award this year.

Music bridges two cultures

By Calvin Daniels

"I was very surprised," said Chester Knight, of the moment when his recording, *Falling Down*, was named Best Music of Aboriginal Canada at the Juno Awards.

"A lot of people thought it [the album] would win. The media and others were tagging it as a front runner, but I heard a couple of the other albums, and they were very good too."

So as he sat in the audience awaiting the announcement, Knight — a member of the Muskoday First Nations in Saskatchewan — was ready for anything. "I was ready if I won and if I didn't," he said.

Knight had already seen *Falling Down*, his second recording, garner industry praise. It won both the top aboriginal recording award from the Prairie Music Awards in September 1999, and Canadian Aboriginal Music Award for Best Group or Duo in December. The recording was completed under his independent label, Falcon's Dream Records. He recorded the 12-song album at Grind Recording Studio in Pense, Sask.

Despite this early success, Knight admits the awarding of the Juno boosted his work to a new level.

"It was great winning, I don't deny that," he said. The Juno award tends to validate his work in new ways, added Knight, 42.

In the wake of the Junos, he realized the award is "evaluated by professionals in the business," he said. "I've thought about that the last few days and I'm grateful for the award."

The presentation itself was almost like a shock to his system, Knight said. "There were so many emotions it's hard to articulate," he offered. "When they first call the album's name it takes a second to realize that it's you. You knew you stood a chance, and then they announce it and there's this flood of emotions.

"I can see why people get really emotional at the podium. You've reached a goal. You have sort of reached the end of a journey, and been successful. It's almost like you enter another realm of feelings and emotions you have never experienced before."

With such recognition coming on only his second album, Knight faces the prospect of trying to repeat the success in the future. To him, it's a challenge. He points to other bands and suggests the third album they produce is often their best.

"When you go into a studio you start to really understand what you want," he explained.

Knight believes he will improve as a songwriter, too, as time goes on. "If you write more, you get better at it," he said.

Thanks to the recent attention, he anticipates that when his third album is released sometime in 2001, it will have an advantage over *Falling Down* and his first release, *Freedom*. There will be a larger audience waiting to hear it.

"This award [the Juno] is actually very encouraging. It's encouraging to know that you do have a skill," he said.

Such awards also tend to open doors. Knight's first two recordings have been picked up by Sound of America, an American Internet distributor of music, that will repackage both recordings for the huge U.S. market. That exposure will mean more tour dates south of the border. In fact, Knight already has gigs set in Arizona, Oregon and other states for this summer.

"The Juno sure makes a difference breaking out of Canada," he said. "It's a top award in Canada, and it carries a lot of weight in other countries."

Knight's achievements have something to do with his roots. He spent his childhood on the reserve with his family and other relatives who sang and danced constantly to celebrate life in a traditional manner. This of course has affected his music.

In his adolescent years, he moved with his family off the reserve and lived in various towns and cities. Living in alien urban cultures, Knight experienced the harder edges of life and struggled to survive and make sense of it all. He turned to music for strength and hope, and a way to express his feelings about life. Looking back, Knight said music was simply all around him.

"My parents played the organ and my mom taught my dad how to read music. So I grew up with music," he said. "It's natural I grew into it."

As a teenager, he joined his older brother's band, and his course was set. First it was learning the drums, then his now familiar guitar. "The first song I learned was Neil Young's Harvest, well most of it," he said with a laugh.

However, Knight quickly tired of learning the songs of others. "I just started writing my own music for my own entertainment. That was fun, so I kept doing it."

He admits most of the songs written when he was a young teen "weren't very good." However, one song eventually grew through the years to become the title cut on his debut album — *Freedom*.

"It was really the first song I ever wrote that was any good," he said. Knight has learned not to toss a piece of music, even a bad piece, into the trash bin.

"Sometimes you can take little pieces of three or four ideas and have something," he said.

While some of Knight's songs have a strong aboriginal connection, others are more traditional country rock, flavored with folk. In attempting to define his style, Knight said he simply writes what feels right.

"They definitely come from your heart. The hard part is trying to articulate your emotions into the lyrics," he said.

In some respects, writing a song is like doing a crossword puzzle, Knight said. "You're trying to say something in a certain way. If that doesn't work you have to find a different way to say the same thing. When you find 20 of the lines that work — you've got a song."

KNIGHT HAS LEARNED NOT TO TOSS A PIECE OF MUSIC, EVEN A BAD PIECE, INTO THE TRASH BIN. "SOMETIMES YOU CAN TAKE LITTLE PIECES OF THREE OR FOUR IDEAS AND HAVE SOMETHING."

Knight's approach is to compose the music first, then to write the lyrics to go with the music. "The tone of the music will kind of say what kind of song it will be, what the song will be about," he said.

Knight's second recording differs from the first. It has, perhaps, less of a pure aboriginal feel, but that is not to say he has forgotten his roots.

"The first album reflected where I was then. This one is where I am now," he said. "That's just the way they developed."

One can't simply write aboriginal music on demand, Knight said. "I don't think people can say they're going to write a First Nations song. I don't think it works that way.

The key is to go "where inspiration takes you," he said. "If you don't allow it to come from the heart, people aren't going to listen to the music. It has to appeal to the spirit."

Happily for Knight, many people have related to the spirit of his work. This has allowed him to enjoy many successes, including the Juno. While he said that might be the end of a journey, it is no doubt simply the beginning of another, for this talented musician whose music bridges two cultures. ■

Michelle Houlden

Petticoat freight

History by Val Strickland

History is usually written from the male point of view, with man playing the title role. In the development of the Pacific Northwest, this is especially true, and never more so than in the second half of the 19th century.

This was an era when dreams of wealth and the lure of gold brought men in the thousands, from all walks of life, to try their luck in the Fraser and Cariboo goldfields.

Vancouver Island played host to large numbers of these men. Most were from California and travelled north from San Francisco to Victoria. Many found riches beyond their wildest dreams but as the first flush of success passed, they began to feel the pangs of loneliness.

Some found solace in the saloons and dance halls: some took the Indian women of the region as mistresses, while others frequented the society of the 'hurdy gurdy' girls of the northern towns, such as Barkerville. But most felt the need for a wife, a home and a family.

At that time, there were few single women on Vancouver Island and for the colony to grow, it had to have homes and population and families. In 1862, the British Columbia Emigration Society was formed, to bring young women to Victoria as potential brides for the miners.

In April of that year, the first brideship destined for Canada's west coast left Australia with 20 young women aboard, drawn from orphan asylums. On her way up the coast, the ship called at the port of San Francisco, where the local men captured the affections of the future brides and induced them to stay. When the vessel arrived in Victoria, "Not a petticoat was in sight," to the dismay and chagrin of the local suitors.

The following June, the brideship *Tynemouth* left England for the voyage around the Horn. She carried 270 passengers, including 62 young women who were strictly chaperoned and forbidden to join the social life of the ship. There is no record of whether these young ladies were locked aboard during the call at wicked San Francisco, but it appears they all arrived in Victoria without incident.

For days before the arrival of the *Tynemouth*, there was tremendous excitement among the residents of the town. The *Colonist* newspaper of September 11, 1862, said: "A general holiday should be proclaimed: all bunting hung from flagstaffs, salutes fired from Beacon Hill and clean shirts and suits of good clothes brought into requisition and every preparation made to give this precious 'invoice' a warm welcome."

The impact of the arrival of the "young marriageable lassies" was such that the whole population of the town came to see the debarkation of the passengers. As the *Tynemouth* sailed into Esquimalt Harbour, men from all walks of life and every profession and trade vied for a vantage point to view their possible future companions.

It appears that all the bachelors of Victoria tried to get aboard the *Tynemouth* but were "generally ordered off, returning from their fruitless errand with heavy hearts." However, many circled the ship with rowboats and canoes, and it is likely that many a date ashore was made, for despite the decorous era, human nature changes little.

Some Victorians did get aboard and one incident reported by the *Colonist* was in the form of a practical joke. Five men, who had ridden many miles to catch a glimpse of the "English beauties" employed a local boatman to row them to the ship. Arrayed in their best, with clean white shirts and perfumed handkerchiefs, they expected to be permitted to ascend the gangway and "inspect the lovely freight."

However, at this point, one of the Victorians aboard the *Tynemouth* told the captain the men in the rowboat were drinkers and gamblers, disguised as respectable citizens. He said they should not, under any circumstances, be trusted with women.

The captain was horrified, especially when he was told that one man in particular, was the worst in the crowd. "Are you sure of the truth of what you say, sir?" he asked: "That gentleman looks like a minister — and I shouldn't like to offend a minister."

The joker, with a pious look, said: "That air is assumed, that he may better consummate his designs. None of them are to be trusted where there are decent females."

The captain ordered the men not be allowed aboard the *Tynemouth* and the *Colonist* caused a sensation when it published: "The gangway was then raised and the only course of ascent thereby closed.

"Had the [rowboat] had a smallpox patient aboard, it would not have been treated with greater contempt or received the cold shoulder more effectually."

Meanwhile the unhappy men returned to shore, considerably baffled while the fortunate Victorians who had succeeded in getting aboard and saw through the joke, howled with laughter.

The women were transferred to HMS *Forward* and taken to Victoria, where they were lined up two by two for inspection, everything being conducted in an orderly and proper manner. Most of the girls were between 12 and 18 years of age and most were described as comely, creating a pleasant first impression.

It is said that more than one love-at-first-sight marriage was arranged that first day, with many others taking positions as domestic servants. Still others married soon after arrival and although a few were disappointed, as a whole, the venture was considered beneficial to all concerned.

The following year, in January 1863, the vessel *Robert Lowe* arrived in Victoria with 180 passengers aboard, including 36 young women. Most found positions immediately and all had offers of marriage, with a choice of many suitors.

One result of this invasion was a considerable increase in trade for the local haberdashers of Victoria, many of whom had to increase their stock and profited highly. Another result was an increase in exhortations from the pulpit, with the immigrants being told by churchmen, who clearly saw it as their duty, to remember their religious obligations and "when beset by sin and temptation, to rely on a kind Providence for aid and comfort."

The history of Victoria has many facets and many events have shaped the city we know today. The brideships were one such event and the pioneer women who sailed on them have become part of that history and left their indelible mark. Many of the *Tynemouth* girls became mistresses of fine homes and mothers of large families, some of whom were among the original founders of British Columbia. ■

THE VESSEL ROBERT LOWE ARRIVED IN VICTORIA WITH 180 PASSENGERS ABOARD, INCLUDING 36 YOUNG WOMEN. MOST FOUND POSITIONS IMMEDIATELY AND ALL HAD OFFERS OF MARRIAGE, WITH A CHOICE OF MANY SUITORS.

THE IMPACT OF THE ARRIVAL OF THE "YOUNG MARRIAGEABLE LASSIES" WAS SUCH THAT THE WHOLE POPULATION OF THE TOWN CAME TO SEE THE DEBARKATION OF THE PASSENGERS.

PRAIRIE WILDLIFE

GOOSE IN A TREE

Column No. 1580
by Doug Gilroy

Doug Laing of Bethune, Sask., dropped off this picture of a Canada goose on its nest in a tree. The goose didn't build the nest, it was a hawk's nest built the previous year. Notice how the goose is trying to avoid detection by flattening itself out? Now people are asking how do the little ones get down when they hatch? They simply jump out. They are so small and light they land in the grass unharmed.

Photo by Doug Laing of a goose nesting in what was once a hawk's nest.

Most people are amazed to hear of a goose nesting 15 feet up in a tree, but it is more common than we realize. It's safer there than down below, where they could be found by ground predators such as coyotes, foxes, skunks and badgers.

I seldom get letters from Ontario readers but one arrived the other day from Grace Bjorklund of Ignace, Ont. She really enjoys nature and the outdoors. She writes: "We live in northwestern Ontario — blueberry country — and while out scouting for the most luscious berries, my husband and I came across a pure white patch of fireweed. It was growing right next to the ordinary pink ones, but did not cross over to mingle with its kin.

"I have never seen white fireweed before. I took some well ripened seeds in late September and wonder if, when they do bloom, will they be pink or white? We marked the spot in order to check up on it again this summer.

"Having grown up on a farm, I am always delighted when I hear farm sounds of the Prairies. So when I heard barn swallows gaily twittering overhead, I looked up and saw a close-knit group of five birds. As I watched they stayed very close together and every few seconds one would approach the head of another. Would this have been the parent feeding its young? Too soon, they flew out of sight and I never did see this sight again."

They were treated to a similar sight at a campground near Lake Superior. "As we were sitting around a bonfire, watching satellites come and go, the bats swooped around overhead."

Could the smaller bats approaching a larger one have been a feeding session, she wondered.

"As I write this letter most of our snow is gone after two weeks of a mild spell. Our yard is full of redpolls cleaning up sunflower seeds on the ground around the bird feeders. There must have been 200 of them. They fall from the trees onto the ground looking like brown leaves gently blown about, happily twittering. What an impressive sight! They must have been on their way north and gathering into large flocks."

I will let the readers answer. Were the swallows and the bats feeding their young on the fly?

One of the most common birds around prairie farm yards during summer is the barn swallow. It doesn't particularly care about trees, cliffs, rocks or hills. It's happy as long as there is a building it can get into to construct its nest.

One thing it does need is water, to get mud for making the nest. The barn swallow loves to hunt insects over water,and I have also watched them in the evening, swooping so low over the creek their wingtips would lightly touch the surface.

It's a beautiful bird too, in color, in shape, and in flight. If you look for them in the right places, you can also find other types of swallows on the prairie. In fact, counting the purple martin, we have seven species and I'll be talking about them in the next column.

One thing people dislike about barn swallows is that they often build their nests directly above a doorway. The young ones doing their business over the side of the nest makes an annoying mess below. ■

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1-800-668-6868

Send your art (plain white paper, please), science questions, poetry, short stories or anything else you'd like to see. Make sure you include your name, age, full address and a telephone number!

Stock Sales

Seyara Shwetz, 11
Waskatenau, Alta.

Cattle prices could be sky high,
But the poor old farmer might as well die.
Can't make a profit, and I know why ...

Say he makes of his steer,
Eight, nine hundred bucks this year.
Minus all of those never ending costs,
The vets, meds, tags, and more, and all is lost.

So you think that this farmer is past his prime,
Only because he hasn't made a dime.
And do you know why he is in this predicament?
It's because of the government!

SEASONS

Shalom Simonson,
Kerrobert, Sask.

Spring is the time of year we all sprout.
Summer is the time of year we bloom and grow.
Fall is the time of year we shed our leaves and go to sleep.
Winter is the time where there is a soft white blanket over us.

Pen Pals

Hi! My name is Rebecca Oostlander. Would like a penpal age 10-12. Hobbies are collecting rocks, swimming, and skating. If you're interested, please write to: P.O. Box 278, Rosemary, Alta. T0J 2W0.

Looking for a girl penpal who is 11-13 years of age. I enjoy swimming, skating, snowboarding, dirt biking, music and sports. You can write: Amy Gabruck, P.O. Box 16, Meota, Sask. S0M 1X0.

Hi! My name is Stacey Davyduke, I'm 13 years old. Am looking for a penpal age 11-13 years. I enjoy listening to music, volleyball, love farm animals. If you are interested, please write: R.R. 1, S-9, C-33, Sicamous, B.C. V0E 2V0.

Hi! My name is Gaylene Herle and I'm looking for a penpal age 13-15. I enjoy talking on the phone, listening to music, soccer, basketball, going to dances and the internet. Write to: P.O. Box 418, Blaine Lake, Sask. S0J 0J0.

Hello, my name is Amber Serhan, 13, looking for a male or female penpal aged 13-17. I enjoy concerts, music (Korn, Limp Bizkit, Coal Chamber, Rammstein, Deftones), movies. Must have same interests, please. — 1614 Avenue B North, Saskatoon, Sask. S7L 1H3.

Hi! I'm a 13 year old girl who's looking for a penpal from 12-15, boy or girl. I'm interested in animals, 4-H, music, and sports. Will write back to all responses. If you have similar interests why don't you write me? — Brigitte Perillat, P.O. Box 445, Duck Lake, Sask. S0K 1J0.

Hi! My name is Ricky Knight-Davies, 9 years old. I'm looking for a penpal age 9-17. I enjoy playing on computers, collecting Pokemon cards, riding horses, like animals. Will answer everyone who writes. — P.O. Box 1895, Cochrane, Alta. T0L 0W0.

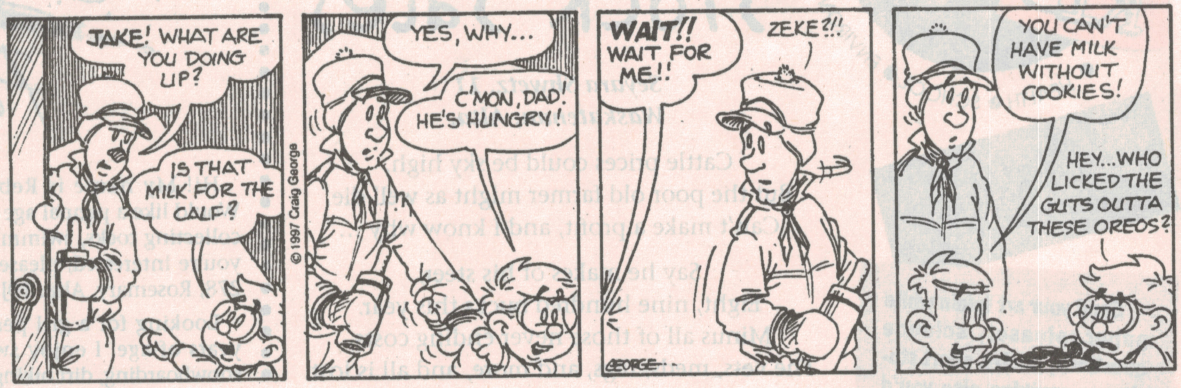
Hi! My name is Larissa Sotas. I'm 13. Looking for a penpal, male or female, aged 13-16. I like music, reading, movies, TV, writing letters and science. I promise to return all letters. P.O. Box 46, Solsgirth, Man. R0J 2B0.

Hi! My name is Amber Schreiner. I am 10 years old and looking for penpals age 9-11. I live on a farm and enjoy reading, soccer, basketball, volleyball and animals. If you are interested, write to: P.O. Box 3328, Nipawin, Sask. S0E 1E0.

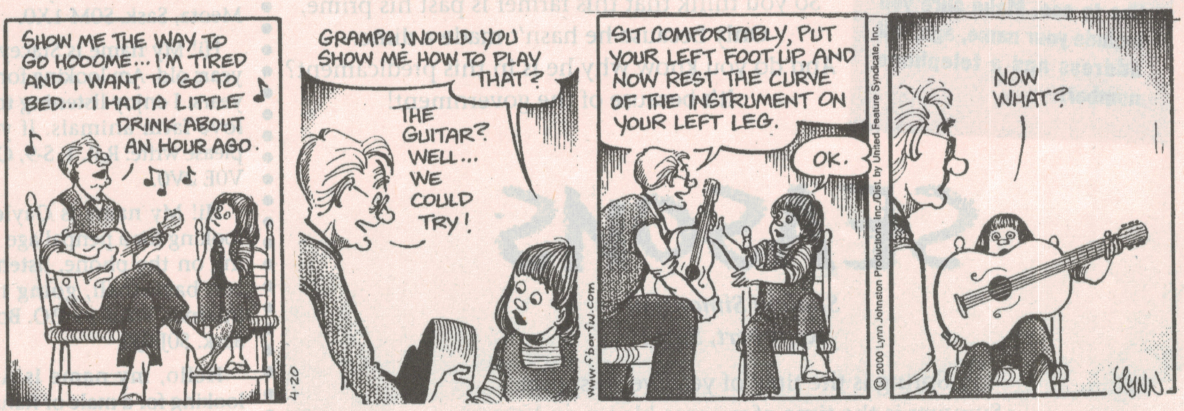
PEANUTS Classics

OH, PLEASE, DON'T LET HER CALL ON ME!
4-28-00
PLEASE, OH, PLEASE, DON'T LET HER CALL ON ME! I'LL STUDY HARD TONIGHT IF YOU JUST, PLEASE, DON'T LET HER CALL ON ME TODAY...
I THOUGHT PRAYING IN SCHOOL HAD BEEN BANNED
© 1974 United Feature Syndicate, Inc.
www.snoopy.com
THIS KIND WILL ALWAYS BE WITH US, FRANKLIN!
SCHULZ

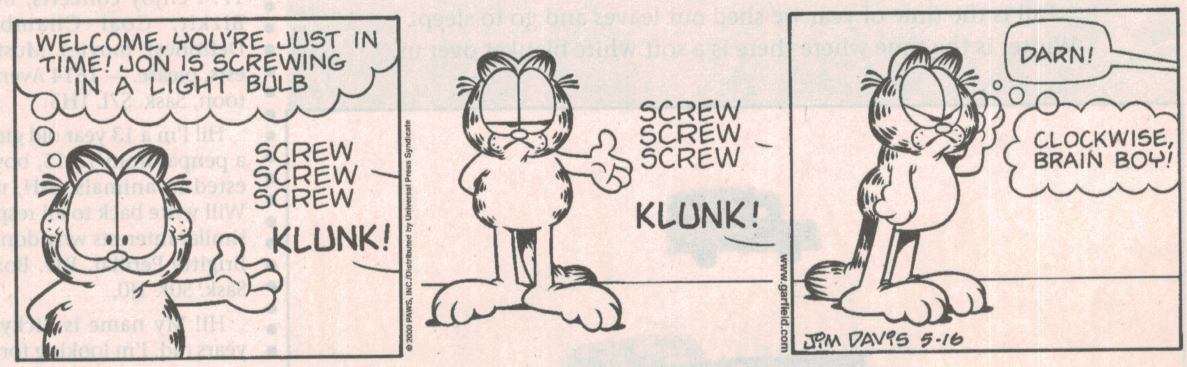
RURAL ROOTZ


JAKE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP?
IS THAT MILK FOR THE CALF?
© 1997 Craig George
YES, WHY...
C'MON, DAD! HE'S HUNGRY!
WAIT!! WAIT FOR ME!!
ZEKE?!!
GEORGE
YOU CAN'T HAVE MILK WITHOUT COOKIES!
HEY...WHO LICKED THE GUTS OUTTA THESE OREOS?

For BETTER or for WORSE


SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOOOME... I'M TIRED AND I WANT TO GO TO BED.... I HAD A LITTLE DRINK ABOUT AN HOUR AGO.
4-20
GRAMPA, WOULD YOU SHOW ME HOW TO PLAY THAT?
THE GUITAR? WELL... WE COULD TRY!
www.fborfw.com
SIT COMFORTABLY, PUT YOUR LEFT FOOT UP, AND NOW REST THE CURVE OF THE INSTRUMENT ON YOUR LEFT LEG.
OK.
© 2000 Lynn Johnston Productions Inc./Dist. by United Feature Syndicate, Inc.
NOW WHAT?
LYNN

GARFIELD



BETTY

HOW ABOUT A COMPROMISE?
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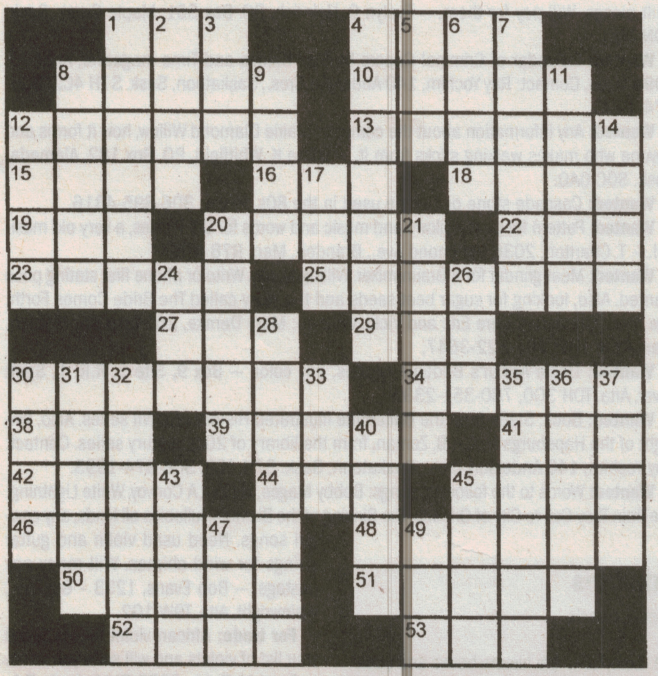
INSTEAD OF A NEW COMPUTER, WE BUY THE NEW SONY PLAYSTATION FOR 1/4 THE PRICE
THAT WAY WE GET STATE-OF-THE-ART GAMING FUN AND SAVINGS!
3-24
www.comics.com
AND THE COMPROMISE?
ISN'T THAT A COMPROMISE?
WHAT EXACTLY WOULD YOU BE GIVING UP?

Canadian Criss Cross

by Walter D. Feener

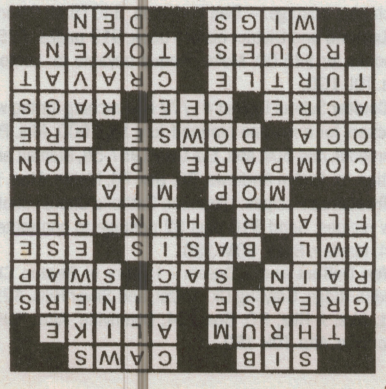


ACROSS

1. Kindred
4. Emulates from a crow
8. Loom leftovers
10. Just the same
12. Travolta movie
13. Steamships
15. Precipitation
16. Pouch
18. Exchange
19. Cobbler's tool
20. Foundation
22. Compass point
23. Natural ability
25. Ten tens
27. Clean the floor
29. John Farrow's daughter
30. Distinguish between
34. Gateway
38. Wood sorrel
39. Search for sources of water
41. Before
42. 43,560 square feet
44. Fair grade
45. Old clothes
46. Leatherback
48. Necktie
50. Dissolute men
51. Bus fare
52. Postiches
53. Cub Scout group

DOWN

1. "She She Little ___" (Vincent song)
2. Khomeini's country
3. Vehicle for all
4. Essential part of bones
5. ___ Baba
6. Achieves victory
7. Kabob holder
8. Setline
9. Flat-topped hill
11. Remove from memory
12. Match for Navratilova
14. Drove illegally
17. Finely powdered lava
20. Extensive
21. Shoot from cover
24. Fiend
26. Twenty-four hours
28. Serve a summons on
30. Layer of paint
31. Happen
32. Spinal cord substance
33. Female sheep
35. Sourdough
36. Church instrument
37. Bird's home
40. Faction
43. Small ornamental case
45. Gather loose grass
47. Stage of a trip
49. Laver of tennis



MAILBOX

Listings are free but only run once. Please be brief. Issues are prepared three weeks in advance of publication date. Send info to: Mailbox, Western People, Box 2500, Saskatoon S7K 2C4.

Wanted: Music books called Country Gold that contains notes and words with lots of old time music. Say what you want for them or write me first. – Pauline Kulczycki, 3 - 518 Centre St., Meadow Lake, Sask. S9X 1J9.

Wanted: Pattern for one person horse costume. Person wearing it stands up straight. Will pay for pattern and postage. – A. Rooks, 8471 - 208th St., Langley, B.C. V2Y 2B3, 604-888-6557.

Wanted: Little Red Riding Hood videos as can't buy new ones anymore. Will pay price and postage. – Doris Vandergucht, 287 Poplar St., Kamloops, B.C. V2B 4B9.

Wanted: History of Manitoba written by Hon. Donald Gunn and Charles R. Tuttle. Will pay for book and postage. – M.A. Tunbridge, P.O. Box 1283, Preeceville, Sask. S0A 3B0, 306-547-4653.

Looking for descendants of Maggie Jane and James Robertson who moved to Porcupine, Sask., son Weldon. Also, Annie and Alex Richardson, children Lillian, Ben, Lavina, Mildred and Nelson. Reunion July 13, 2000. Contact: C. Keating, 32765 Haida Dr., Abbotsford, B.C. V2T 4Z6, 604-852-0977.

Yellow Creek High School reunion (1922-1990), Aug. 4-6, 2000. Friday registration; Saturday, events during the day, buffet supper and dance; Sunday, pancake breakfast and farewell. Everyone who attended this school or teachers are invited. We do not have all addresses, so please pass the word. Those who have received their forms, please get them in ASAP. Contact: Edna (Pongracz) McFetridge, Edmonton, 780-489-6406, e-mail: ECleo2000@aol.com; Evelyn (Lypchuk) Wojcichowsky, Saskatoon, 306-374-7976, e-mail: CUPE1975@sask.usask.ca; Vicki Borsa, Yellow Creek, 306-279-4633.

Wonowon (Blueberry) homecoming reunion, Aug. 4-6, 2000. You are invited to attend this weekend celebration and events with friends and neighbors who were at one time or are still at Wonowon, B.C. or area. Please send names and addresses of interested persons, or for more information, to: Laurie Dowd, R.R. 1, Site 2, Comp. 17, Fort St. John, B.C. V1J 4M6, 250-785-4358 or Hattie Close, 10404 - 92nd St., Fort St. John, B.C. V1J 3H8, 250-787-7583.

Continued on page 16

SOUNDS OF THE 20TH CENTURY

Word Find puzzle
by Janice M. Peterson

When all the words in the list have been found, the letters left over will spell the solution.

A	U	D	I	O	E	N	O	H	P	O	R	C	I	M
H	M	B	R	O	A	D	C	A	S	T	A	D	C	N
E	W	A	S	S	C	I	S	U	M	S	Y	I	S	O
A	Y	V	G	Y	L	H	A	A	S	A	F	C	I	S
D	T	O	N	N	T	A	E	E	I	D	I	T	D	I
P	I	L	O	T	E	B	T	R	N	A	L	A	T	D
H	R	U	S	H	R	T	E	I	T	P	P	P	C	E
O	A	M	H	E	E	D	I	Y	G	T	M	H	A	S
N	L	E	S	S	N	S	E	C	T	I	A	O	P	A
E	C	A	E	I	E	F	U	V	T	I	D	N	M	M
S	L	N	L	Z	D	U	O	L	E	A	L	E	O	O
U	O	Y	D	E	V	I	C	E	Y	L	P	A	C	H
T	C	T	U	R	O	I	D	A	R	T	O	E	U	T
Y	G	O	L	O	N	H	C	E	T	R	S	P	E	Q
E	A	R	S	K	O	O	B	G	N	I	K	L	A	T

Adapt
Amplify
Audio
Broadcast
Cassette
Clarity
Compact Disc
Cylinder
Develop
Device
Dictaphone
Digital
Ears
Head Phones
Laser Beam
Loud
Magnetic Tape
Microphone
Music
Quality
Radio
Songs
Stylus
Synthesizer
Talking Books
Technology
Thomas Edison
Tones
Volume

Solution (15 letters):

What in the future?

© Janric Enterprises

MORE MAILBOX

Listings are free but only run once. Please be brief. Issues are prepared three weeks in advance of publication date. Send info to: Mailbox, Western People, Box 2500, Saskatoon S7K 2C4.

Continued from page 15

Saskatchewan War Brides 25th anniversary reunion, May 5-7, 2000, The Quality Hotel (Formerly Ramada Hotel), Saskatoon. War brides from across Canada are invited to come and celebrate with us. For further information, contact: Terry England, 306-244-8511, Agnes Salikin, 306-244-6048, Jean Fells, 306-978-3710.

Neville history books. Contact: 306-627-3619.

Celebration of the 100th anniversary of the wagon train trek that left Crawford, Nebraska, May 2, 1900 to Tees, Alberta and the 100th anniversary of the Ferguson homestead, July 8-9, 2000 at the residence of Robert and Jean Ferguson, R.R. 1, Tees, Alta. T0C 2N0. If anyone has information about this wagon train that they would like to share or for further information, please e-mail: rjferguson@rttinc.com or phone 403-784-3632.

Hnausa School and District reunion, Aug. 4-6, 2000. For anyone who ever lived, went to school or taught at Hnausa. For more information, contact: Hnausa 2000, P.O. Box 164, Riverton, Man. R0C 2R0, 204-378-5628 or e-mail: doloresbjor@hotmail.com.

Rockglen Rolling Hills of Home history book now available at the Rockglen Town Office. $35 plus $5 mailing. For more information, contact: Florence Ching, 306-476-2304 or Marion Rayner, 306-476-2545.

20th Century Cookbook – Luseland and Districts Museum, 282 pages of former and present residents' favorite recipes. Large type, ring bound. $10 plus postage. Contact: Luseland and Districts Museum, P.O. Box 8, Luseland, Sask. S0L 2A0.

Satinwood School, County of Lacombe, Alta. reunion Aug. 19, 2000. Pancake breakfast 10 a.m. and potluck supper. All former students and staff invited. Please register with school before mid-June at R.R. 1, Clive, Alta. T0C 0Y0, 403-784-3586.

Ruthilda millennium sportsday, July 7-9, 2000. Everyone welcome. There will be a dance, supper, hot and cold booth, men's fastball, beer gardens, fireworks, parade, games for the kids and campsites are available. For more info, contact: Ruthilda Sportsday Committee, P.O. Box 51, Ruthilda, Sask. S0K 3S0, fax: 306-932-4802.

Maple Lodge School 75th anniversary celebration, July 22-23, 2000. Saturday: social and supper in Viking. Sunday: picnic at school grounds. Contact: Einar and Ellen Loveseth, P.O. Box 114, Viking, Alta. T0B 4N0, 780-336-2115 or Fred and Angella Johnston, P.O. Box 528, Viking, Alta. T0B 4N0, 780-336-2530.

Fillmore millennium homecoming, July 1-2, 2000. Includes all former residents of town and surrounding school districts. If you didn't get an invitation, write or call: Audrey, 306-722-3391, Carol, 306-722-3813 or Myrna, 306-722-3804, Fillmore, Sask. S0G 1N0. Also, need family histories for future history book.

Cando and district reunion, July 14-16, 2000. Everyone welcome. For further info, contact: Lynn Remeshylo, 10004 - 5th Avenue, North Battleford, Sask. S9A 2N2, 306-937-7141, e-mail: lynnrem@sk.sympatico.ca.

Rimbey & District Old Timers Association get-together, June 26, 2000, Rimbey, Alta. Need more information, call 403-843-6367.

Wanted: Words to a song that goes: "I don't know who she was, I don't know where she came from, I only know there was an angel glow in the eyes of the strange little girl." – Patricia Curtis, 3 Dogwood Blvd., Brandon, Man. R7B 2M9.

Wanted: Set of Uncle Arthur's Bedtime Story Books. Phone 204-746-6048.

Thanks to Wined Candler of Gloucester, Ont. for the citron recipes mailed. Was not able to write as address was incomplete. – Gertie Lee, R.R. 1, Box 1046, Sylvan Lake, Alta. T4S 1X6.

Wanted: Words to the following poems: The River – Dark brown is the river, etc.; ? under a toadstool crept a wee elf, etc.; The Brook – I wind about within and out, etc. Have looked for these poems for many years and can't seem to find them. – Mrs. N. Gabert, 20524 Twp. Rd. 550, Fort Saskatchewan, Alta. T8L 4B5.

Wanted: Copy of Everybody's Smiling from the 1940s, book or video. The story of a soldier whose bride dies and becomes a ghost. – D. McQuarrie, 91 Barbour Ave., Yorkton, Sask. S3N 2H8.

Wanted: Sock knitting machine, must be in good working condition, with instructions. Write or call with price. – Shirley Ulvild, P.O. Box 298, Birch Hills, Sask. S0J 0G0, 306-742-2500.

Wanted: Pattern to make slippers for adult and children, and crochet or knit. Also, the Wheat Pool calendar with the map of Saskatchewan on it. – Alida Harty, P.O. Box 155, Big River, Sask. S0J 0E0, 306-469-4907.

Wanted: Uncle Arthur's Bedtime Story books. – Claire Stitsen, R.R. 1, Busby, Alta. T0G 0H0, 780-939-2215.

Wanted: Flour bags, 50 or 100 pound. Will pay reasonable rate plus postage. Also, quilt pieces. Will pay for them. – Evelyn C. Heinrich, P.O. Box 561, Maple Creek, Sask. S0N 1N0.

Wanted: Calendar of Criminal Capers by Max Haines and Time magazine, April 13, 1998 issue. Contact: Ray Yochim, 140 Anderson Cres., Saskatoon, Sask. S7H 4C2, 306-374-1993.

Wanted: Any information about the common prairie Diamond Willow, how it forms and anyone who makes walking sticks from it. – Lorne K. Whitfield, P.O. Box 182, Alameda, Sask. S0C 0A0.

Wanted: Cascade stone or J-stone used in the 80s. Phone 306-895-4316.

Wanted: Pattern for pussywillows and music and words for Dill Pickles, a very old musical. – T. Charlton, 2036 Richmond Ave., Brandon, Man. R7B 0T5.

Wanted: Meat grinder for a Braun mixer. Willing to pay. Write or phone first stating price wanted. Also, looking for sugar beet seeds and the story called The Bride Comes Forth. The main characters were Eric and Vicki. Write to: Mary Demke, 269 Tulip St., Morden, Man. R6M 1H9, 204-822-3647.

Wanted: Uncle Arthur's Bedtime Stories, any color. – Box 9, Site 5, R.R. 1, Spirit River, Alta. T0H 3G0, 780-351-2332.

Wanted: Book, Stalin from the Ballantine Illustrated History of WWII series. Also, Twi-Light of the Hapsburgs by Z.A.B. Zeman, from the library of 20th century series. Contact: Ray Yochim, 140 Anderson Cres., Saskatoon, Sask. S7H 4C2, 306-374-1993.

Wanted: Words to the following songs: Bobby Magee, We Got A Convoy, White Lightning, The Train They Call to City of Orleans, The Sinking of the Bismark, lullabies all kinds, any cowgirl songs. Need used violin and guitar strings for wind chimes. Will repay any postage. – Bob Evans, 1233 - 6th Ave., Wainwright, Alta. T9W 1G2.

For trade: African violet leaves. Send your list of violets and will send you mine. – Carol McRobb, 3958 Old Lakesle Rd., Terrace, B.C. V8G 3V1, cmcrobb@osg.net.

Wanted: Hubcap for 1976 Ford Camper van, 16 1/2 inch wheel. – Art Vessey, 1812 Belfast Ave., Saskatoon, Sask. S7M 0L8, 306-653-3701.

Wish to contact any relations or close friends of the family of Wilfred Woodrow Beaman, born 1911 in Stogan, Sask., killed in action in Italy Sept. 1, 1944. Only known next of kin is sister Mrs. Gertrude (Charles) Murphy who lived in Yorkton in 1944. The Legion wishes to honor Mr. Beaman and forward this information to his relatives. Please contact: Royal Canadian Legion, Cariboo Branch #94, Attn: Tom Moffat, 262 Kinchant St., Quesnel, B.C. V2J 2R2

Wanted: Words of a poem believe was published in Emmie Oddie's column in The Western Producer that goes: "A happy woman walking down the street, On her two sturdy feet, Morning glories growing at her door, She had not grown such nice ones before." – Heather Cook, 4495 - L & A Cross Rd., Vernon, B.C. V1H 1W9, ph/fax: 250-545-9133.

Wanted: Books by Thorton W. Burgess: Jerry Muskrat At Home and Happy Jack. – C. Taylor, P.O. Box 31, Strongfield, Sask. S0H 3Z0, 306-857-4502.

Seeking whereabouts of Judy Wheeler – attended U of R 1967-1969. Contact LuAnne, P.O. Box 253, Theodore, Sask., 306-647-2456.

Wanted: Old book titled Rough Times by Joseph Tennant. State cost. – P.O. Box 157, Bonanza, Alta. T0H 0K0

Wanted: 1993 Sears Wishbook. Willing to pay. – P.O. Box 38, Kelvington, Sask. S0A 1W0

Looking to find a 1927 Saskatchewan license plate and a Sask. Wheat Pool. calender with municipality map. – M. Daniels, R.R. #1, Branchton, Ont. N0B 1L0.

Wanted: Stanley Cup replicas available in boxes of Labatt Blue beer. Will pay $2 each plus postage. – Dan Pederson, 34075 McCrimmon Dr., Abbotsford, B.C. V2S 2V6

Lomond and District history book, 919 pages. $25.00 each plus $6.00 shipping, or 2 books for $45.00. Make cheque payable to: Lomond Drop-In, P.O. Box 53, Lomond, Alta. T0L 1G0.

Coulter School District #1772 is searching for the whereabouts of three former school teachers for a reunion planned July 16, 2000: Mrs. Penny, taught briefly mid-50s; Mrs. Schroeder, mid-50s; Mrs. Eva Gisi, 1957-58, Bienfait and Tisdale, Sask. Please send information to: Evelyn Andrews, P.O. Box 76, Melita, Man. R0M 1L0.

Treasured Recipes: Ukrainian Catholic Church cookbook. 500 tested, traditional and new recipes. Send $10 plus $2 postage to committee sec.-treas., Mary Puto, P.O. Box 134, Mayfair, Sask. S0M 1S0.

Ten Dollars and a Dream - History of Beaton Ck., Brissen, Graven Lk, Dixonville, Golden Ridge, Grayling Ck., Hazel, and Silver Hills. $25 includes GST and postage. Contact: Mrs. J. Hitz, P.O. Box 154, Dixonville, Alta. T0H 1E0 or Jena Mart, P.O. Box 36, Dixonville, Alta. T0H 1E0.

Mailbox guidelines

- Items are published on a first-come, first-served basis.
- The value of items should not exceed $20.
- Only trades or offers to buy will be published. Exceptions are history books and cookbooks sold by local committees. Mailbox is not for selling items.
- Requests for collectors' items and china are not acceptable because it is likely they would exceed the $20 limit.
- Notices about pets and perishables are not accepted. (There may be delays in publishing the notice.)
- Mailbox is not for the promotion or publicizing of political or religious beliefs.
- We reserve the right to edit and condense notices.
- Letters should list no more than five items. Only one letter a week will be accepted. Since Mailbox is free, a notice will be printed only once. For another listing, you must send a new letter.
- "Help wanted" and related ads belong in the classified section of the newspaper.